

freezing by grabmyboner

Series: [Stranger Things Fics \[35\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Background Demogorgon (Stranger Things), Drabble, Established Relationship, Ficlet, Fluff, Fluff and Humor, Harringrove, M/M, Tumblr Prompt, short and sweet babey

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Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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Summary:

That icy stare finally lands on Steve, eyebrows raised, “Stop trying to fuck me in the forest.”

“I wasn’t, jus’ like lookin’ at you, s’all.” Steve mumbles.

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Anonymous asked: prompt: "your hands are freezing"

freezing

“*Your hands are freezing*,” Steve says letting go of Billy’s hand he was holding as he dragged them through the dark woods away from the snarling of interdimensional dogs.

Billy focuses on listening for the creatures chasing them rather than the tingling of his palm. He sneaks a quick peek over at Steve, who is bent forward trying to catch his breath from their impromptu sprint.

“Sorry, didn’t have enough time to grab my fucking gloves,” He snaps back. “Was too busy trying to get my dick back in my pants.”

Steve lets out a huff of a laugh, reaching one hand out to hook his fingers through Billy’s belt loops. He pulls the smaller man towards him as he stands to his full height, his other hand sliding under Billy’s shirt and rubbing at the skin with his thumb.

Blue eyes stay focused on the woods around them, looking for any signs of trouble, “We need to keep moving,” Billy says.

“Yeah,” Steve replies, making no attempt to let go of Billy.

That icy stare finally lands on Steve, eyebrows raised, “Stop trying to fuck me in the forest.”

“I wasn’t, jus’ like lookin’ at you, s’all.” Steve mumbles.

He brings the hand hooked through the belt loops up, swiping a curl off Billy’s forehead.

Billy isn’t quite used to these random confessions Steve does. They’ve only been doing this – *whatever this is* – for a handful of months. He’s not used to them, but he definitely doesn’t mind them.

Steve has a small smile on his face, watching Billy’s dazed expression.

There’s a howl in the distance and Steve’s head whips around to figure out what direction. He squeezes at Billy’s hip and grabs at his hand, pulling him through a small opening in the shrubs.

“You can look at my pretty face later, we gotta go,” Steve whispers over his shoulder.

Billy squeezes at Steve’s hand and smiles, “Asshole.”